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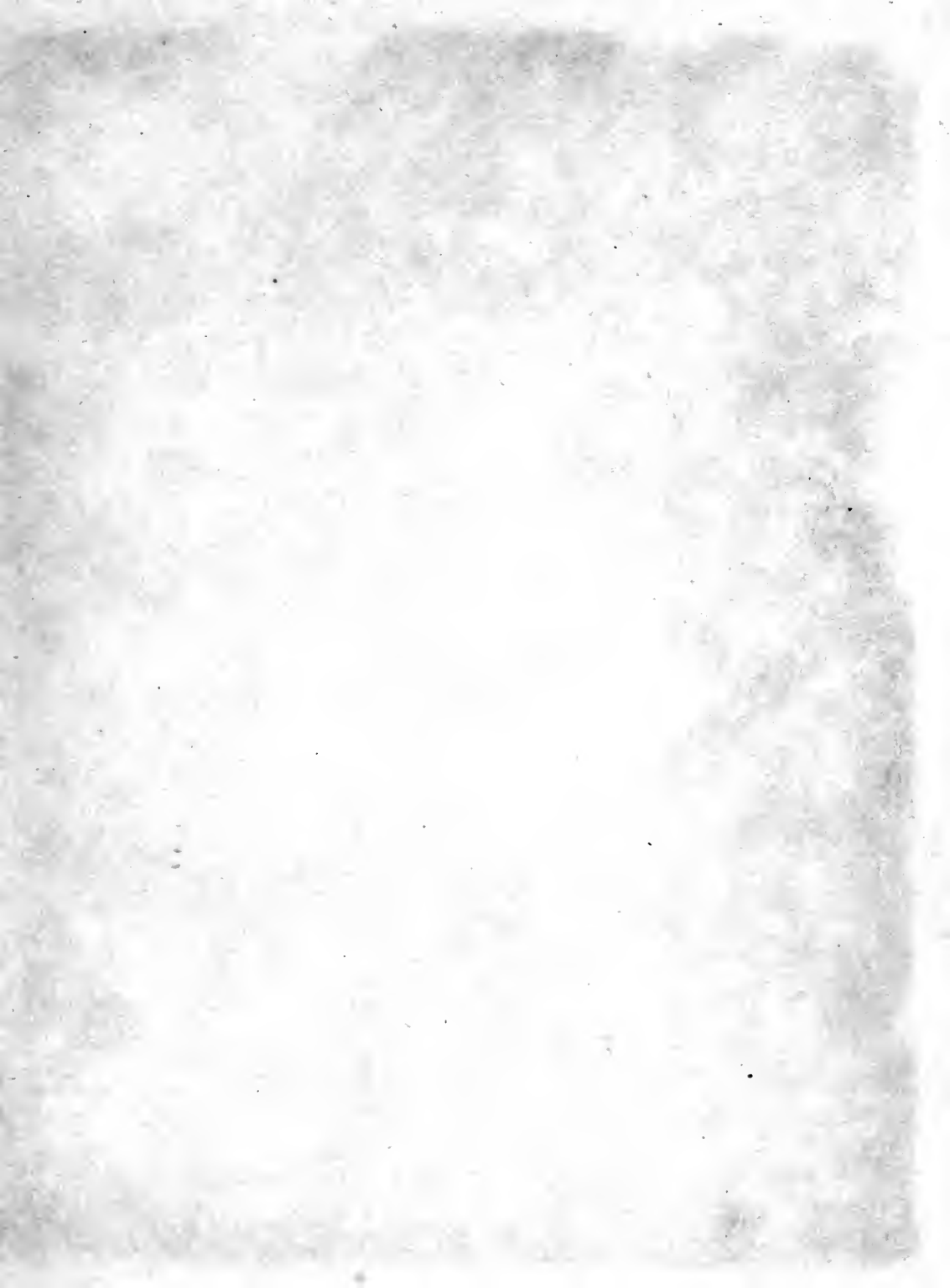


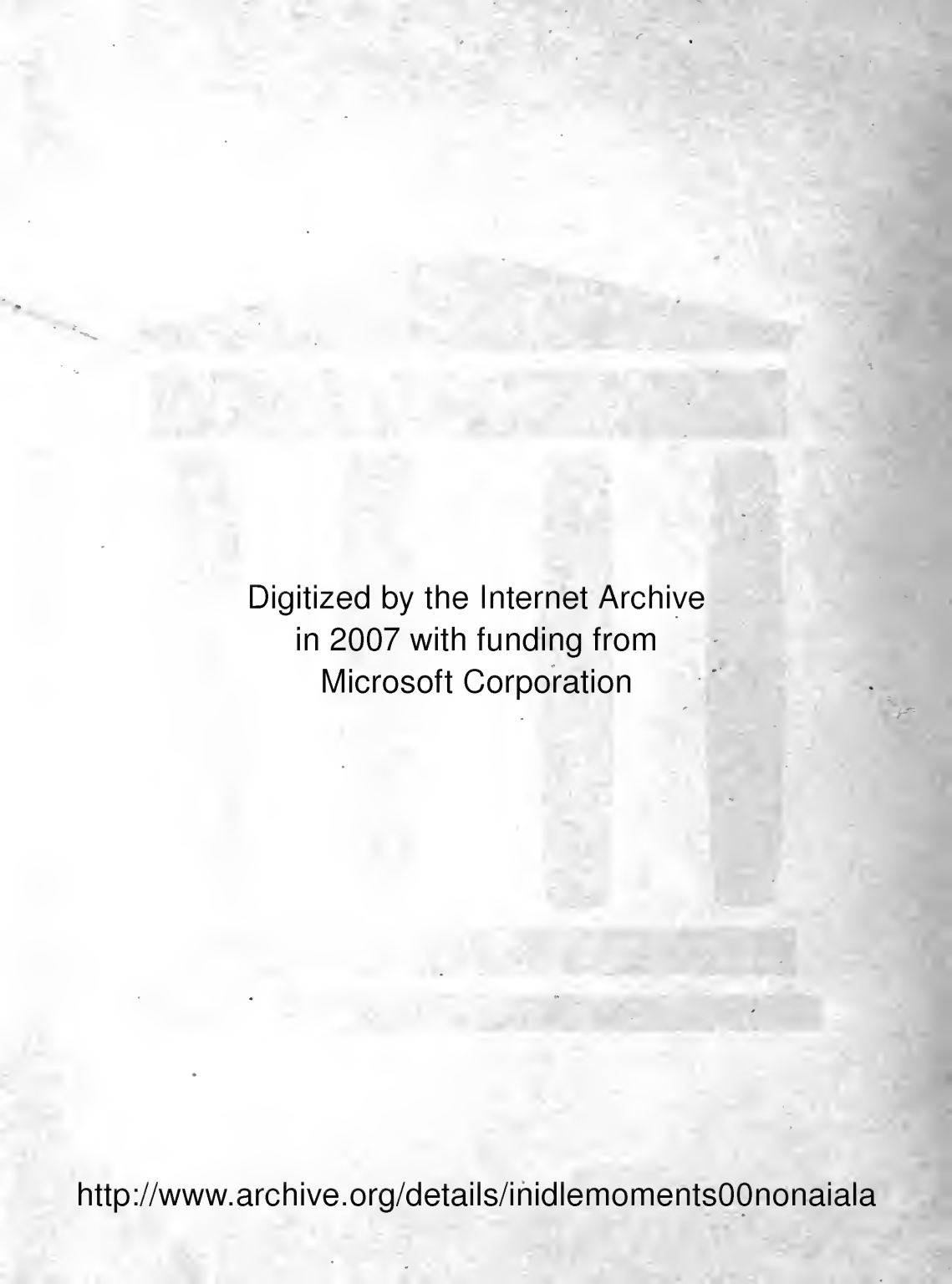
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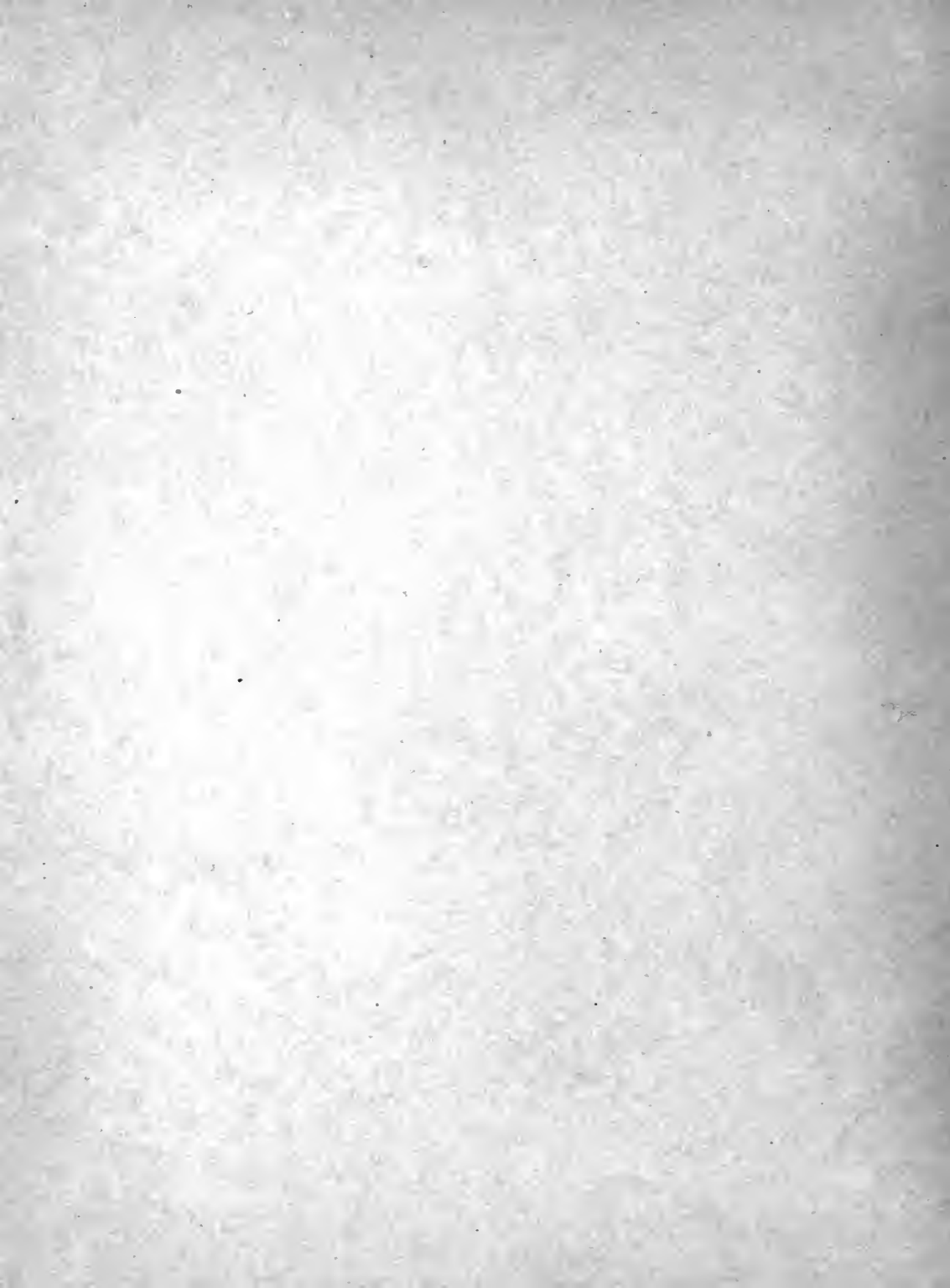


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To my friend Marie Sargent  
with the Compliments  
of the Author

May 20th 1915



IN IDLE MOMENTS



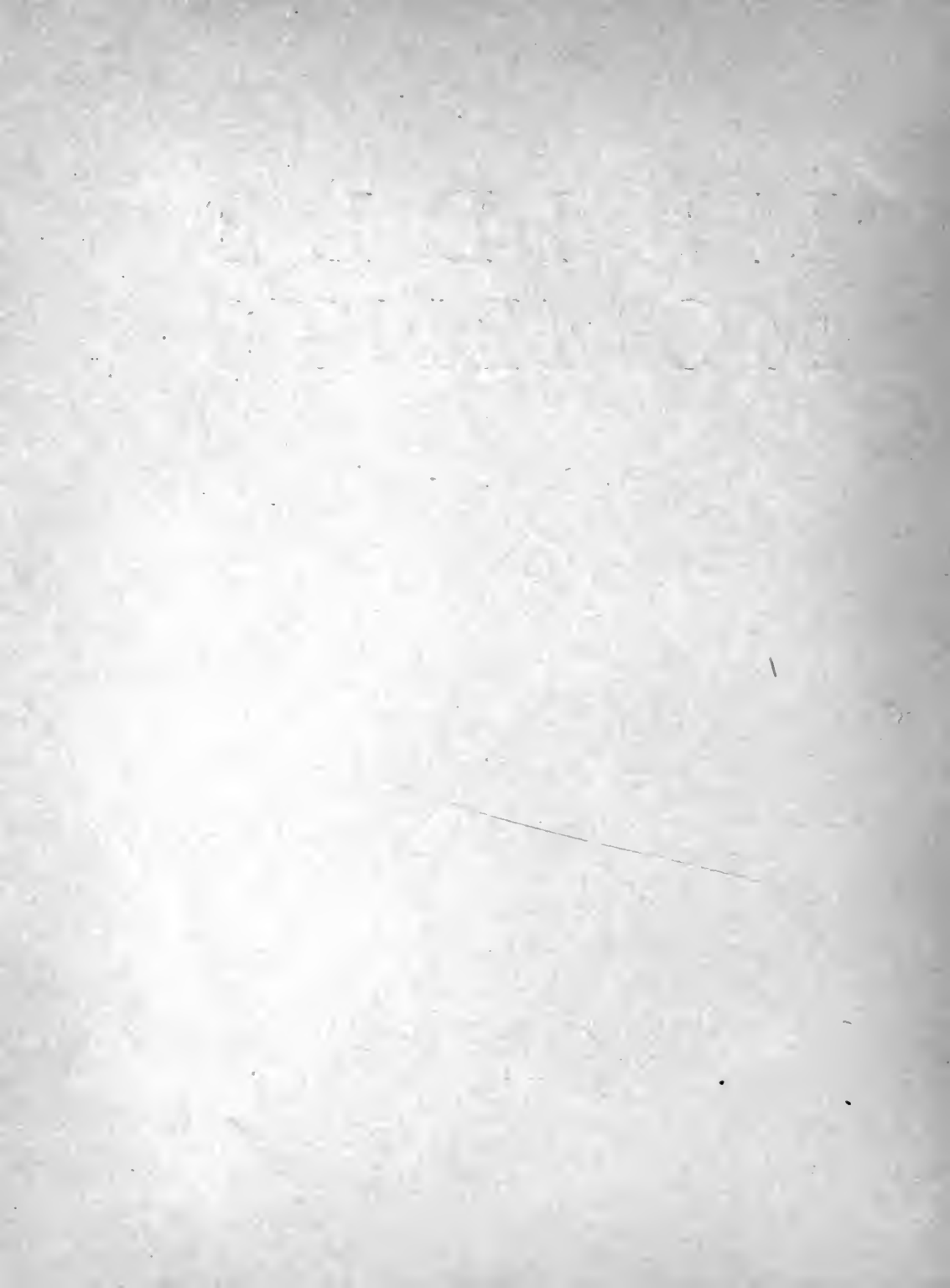


# IN IDLE MOMENTS

By  
NONA

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1912



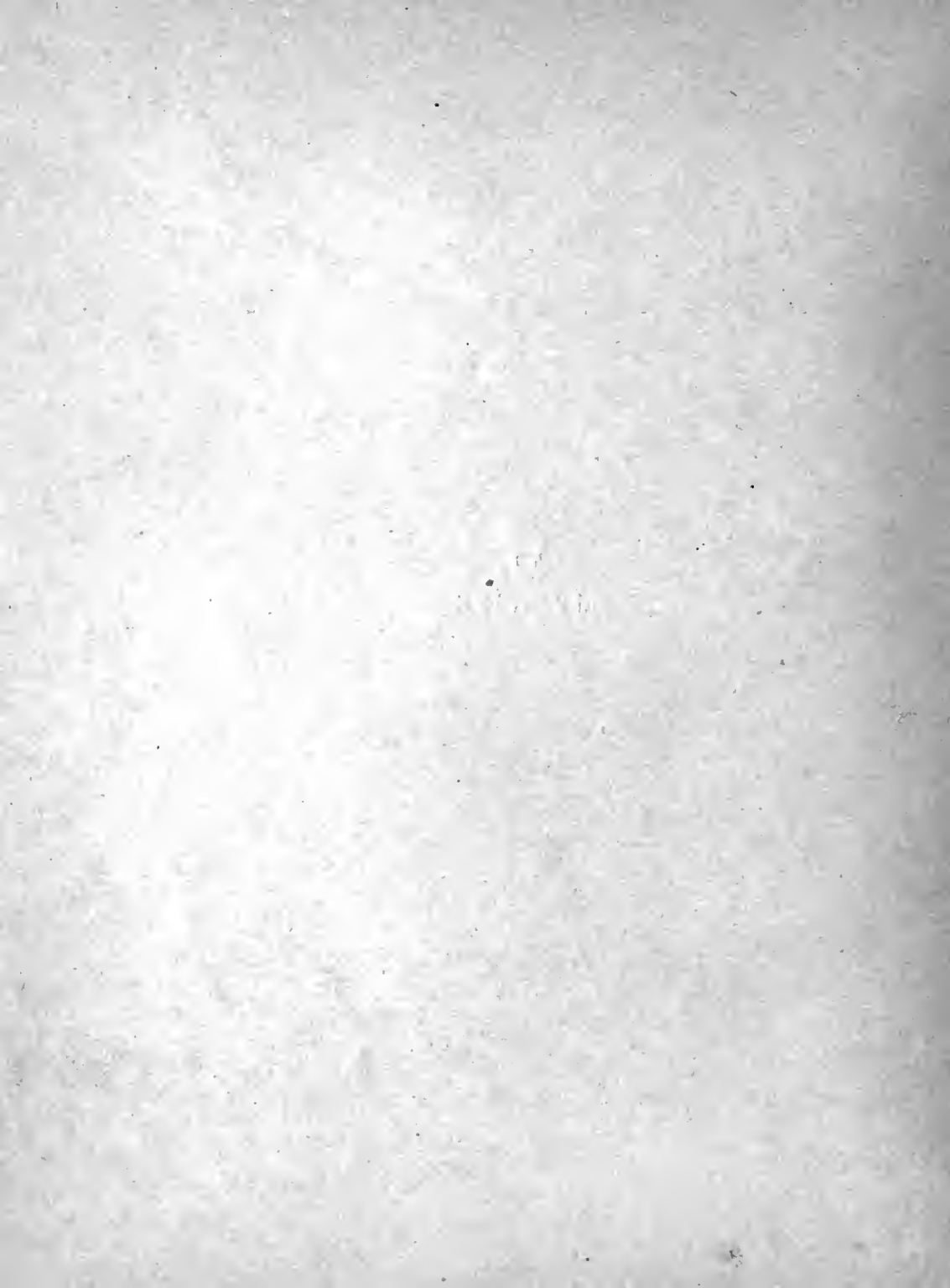
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TO  
MY WIFE

977245



## IN IDLE MOMENTS

**F**OND memory will span great space  
And bring to mind an absent face.  
Though far away my footsteps roam  
My thoughts remain with one at home.  
She stands revealed a vision clear,  
Though worlds apart, she brings me cheer.

HAST thou seen, my Thisbe dearest,  
The red breaking of the dawn,  
And the darkness slowly yielding  
To the onset of the morn,  
Seen Aurora from the Ocean  
Bringing forth the light of day,  
And the dewdrops from her fingers  
Fall like diamonds on the way,  
Seen her kiss the sleeping flowerets,  
Fill them with a joy divine,  
Fill them with an untold rapture  
That at death they'd not repine?  
Hast thou seen her, Celestial beauty?  
Then the mystery is no more!  
I a floweret, thou Aurora—  
Heavenly Goddess, I adore.

**O** CHLOÉ! how my heart does ache,  
My soul is filled with thee,  
I may not dream, I may not wake—  
Thy spirit is before me.  
Oh, free me from my pain.  
Tell me I may love thee,  
Tell me I may see thee soon again  
Or I shall die, believe me.

WHEN I see thee, Frances !  
And upon me rest thy glances,  
Nameless what I feel !  
My spirit captured,  
My soul enraptured,  
At thy shrine I kneel.

There light ethereal  
And life empyreal  
In thy presence beam ;  
There love eternal  
With joy supernal  
Round thy vision gleam.

Oh ! I love thee,  
Who above me  
In effulgence bright,  
Thy charms revealing,  
To me, kneeling,  
Wieldest indulgent might.



In mad elation,  
Wild adoration,  
                    At thy feet I fall.  
There I praise thee,  
Ne'er would raise me,  
                    So am held in thrall!

**F**AREWELL!  
Shattered are all my hopes!  
My bosom mourns,  
My soul in darkness gropes.  
Farewell!

Farewell!  
My fate is cast,  
And breaks my heart  
At this—my last  
Farewell!

Farewell!  
With ceaseless tears  
My spirit seeks  
Celestial spheres.  
Farewell!

Farewell!  
Perchance in realms above  
We'll meet once more.  
My angel! Oh! my love,  
Farewell!

**I** WOULD I could reach to Heaven,  
And from end to end of space  
‘I love thee, I adore thee!’  
Write on its azure face.

The fear that my love is doubted,  
The dread that I love in vain,  
Rends my breast with anguish—  
My heart with ceaseless pain.

My thoughts are ever with thee,  
They dwell upon that kiss  
That filled my heart with rapture,  
That swelled my soul with bliss!

But oh! when thou art absent,  
Just that, that made me glow  
Full of a speechless gladness,  
Fills my soul with woe.

For my thoughts turn ever to thee,  
And my being's current flows  
Ever to that union  
That untold pleasure knows.

Yes, ecstasy celestial  
Hangs upon thy lips,  
And mad intoxication  
Comes to him who sips.

In dreams I cannot banish  
Thy form of heavenly grace,  
The vision ever haunts me  
Of thy sweet angelic face,

Of thine eyes as soft and tender  
As of a young gazelle,  
That, full of love's devotion,  
Upon my pathway fell ;

That lit up a long broad future,  
Which together we would tread,  
One thought, one heart, one soul  
Till both of us were dead.

But woe when sleep forsakes me  
And I realise once more  
That lone and drear I wander—  
That Hope is all my store—

That I may live lamenting  
That fate did ever guide  
Within thy fatal circle  
My steps unto thy side !

Then to the world a last adieu !  
A prey unto an unquenched fire  
My being's current flows to thee,  
My thoughts to thee, and I expire.

ON PRESENTING A MEMORANDUM  
TABLET

WHEN, Lady, in a distant land  
New friends do greet on every hand,  
When from the tablet of your mind  
My name nigh faded you may find,  
I pray you to this Tablet turn,  
And on its leaves your friend discern.  
Ah ! believe that though no longer near,  
His spirit dwelleth in this souvenir.

I AM exiled, my darling, I am banished  
from thee,

But my thoughts, O my dear one, my  
thoughts are still free.

Though the chasms between us sink dark,  
broad and deep,

My spirit, my darling, that void shall leap,

My heart, O my dearest, is like to the sea,  
In its depths you are hidden where'er you may  
be.

Though the will of another bid you know me  
no more,

Can the will of another bring you back to the  
shore ?

If you think thus at once a day-dream can  
cease—

Can mere absence restore to Hero her peace ?—

Then pity Leander her ever had known,

To be dashed on the rocks with the dark  
waters' foam.

As for me, my own darling, a wrench to the  
heart

Is to think we must live thus for ever apart.

Oh, forget the rash words that led to this fate

And bid me return ere it shall be too late.



**T**HE lips no longer seem dumb,  
And language provides the fit word,  
When the heart speaks, dearest,  
rhymes come,  
And a prayer to the Muse is heard.

Though the sky be one dark rain cloud,  
And the storm be at its height,  
What's the odds—when a heart beats loud,  
In the clouds it sees some light.

And if it knows another heart beats  
In rhythm with its own,  
Let thunder mingle with lightning sheets,  
Or winds, then, in darkness moan,

Let rain beat aloud above,  
Let storm in fury roar,  
The concord of two hearts that love  
Brings music and light evermore.

**I** BURN, my love,—am filled with fire,  
With poet's flame and all that's kin.  
Who could not sing when you inspire,  
Howe'er unskilled his pen had been.  
Though leagues away and mounts between,  
Magnetic currents fill the space  
And bear your presence to the scene  
Where beams, once more, your smiling face.  
I burn, indeed, alas! Ah me!  
Your being's as the radiant sun;  
It sheds its light that we may see—  
But other work its rays have done.  
Believe, upon my heart they fall,  
Forsooth they will it soon consume.  
'Tis they that hold my soul in thrall,  
Oh, still, my heart, what better doom?

WHEN, Lady, in a distant land  
Familiar faces I shall meet,  
And feel the pressure of the hand  
That again with fondness ~~We~~ we may greet,  
Think not that you I shall forget  
Whose kindness makes my heart aglow,  
Yea, makes me doubt 'twere well we met  
When absence means such pain to know.

'Tis not the friends we've held for years  
That make us feel we must rebel  
When—filled the eyes with starting tears—  
The hour comes to say farewell ;  
But, gifted with magnetic power  
That reason blinds, that bends the will,  
'Tis they who, in a single hour,  
In chains us bind—with love us fill.

PERHAPS, my darling, when we are old,  
And the tales of our youth are tales oft  
told—

Or perhaps, dear child, in a far briefer time,  
Perhaps ere your youth has yielded to prime—  
Perhaps ere the bud to a blossom may bloom,  
To be forgotten shall alas be my doom ;  
Let then these lines call to mind once again  
The past with its pleasure, the past with its  
pain.

May you feel once again the friendship of yore,  
And the changes Time works, as I do, deplore.

**I** HEARD the wild waves moaning farewell,  
And I thought they murmured 'For ever.'  
And the grief of my heart words could not  
tell  
As I felt cruel fate us must sever.

Oh! let me still think, tho' ne'er again we  
should meet,  
That in memory I shall ever be with thee.  
My heart is now thine, and its throbbings  
repeat,  
'I love thee! for ever I love thee!'

O H, who can tell how long the night may  
    seem  
    When racked with doubt one finds  
    no rest !

Oh, who can know how bitter is the dream  
    Which flits across the eyelids' crest !

I feel, alas, my friendship held for naught,  
    And longer suffering all in vain ;  
I see my darling's future fraught  
    With anguish, torture, endless pain !

The end must come—I feel it now ;  
    My wounded heart can bear no more !  
A last farewell as, darling, thou  
    I sunder from its bleeding core.

I think of the days now lost to me—  
    My path was hid with rose and clover—  
I think of the woe that waits for thee,  
    And tears flow fast—my heart runs over !

LONGING, longing, while time is speed-  
ing—  
Waiting, waiting, till the heart is  
bleeding—

Silence dread my spirit crushes,  
Oh, that there came but a single word !  
My love with the flowing golden tresses,  
Know you not how this void presses !  
This void unbroken life nigh hushes,  
That only wakes when your voice is heard.

Dreaming, dreaming, through eternal spaces,  
Tortured for ever by mocking faces,  
My searching gaze can find no rest—  
My longing arms reach out in vain.  
My life ! My love ! My soul's desire !  
My panting breath as I expire  
Shall bear to thee my love confessed,  
And whisper my passion and pain.

## IN THE ENGADINE

**T**HE waters break and, white as snow,  
Over the stones and rocks they flow.  
They flow with force fiercely strong,  
And in wild tumult tumble along.

From heights in the clouds they downward  
dash,  
They spring and leap as under the lash,  
With every step they gather power,  
And man in their ~~power~~ *path* they oft devour.

Our hearts are as the mountain streams,  
They burst in torrents beyond our dreams,  
Ruin stalks often in their wake,  
Yet we brave all for Love's sake.



**I** HAVE sought you, I have sought you,  
On the boundless western plain ;  
I have sought you, I have sought you,  
In remembrance once again.  
Alas ! I saw you. Alas ! I saw you,  
And my heart within me sank,  
For I saw you, for I saw you  
On the river's farther bank.

I have missed you, I have missed you,  
The days seemed without end.  
Sorely missed you, sorely missed you,  
The nights my heart did rend.  
Will you listen ? Will you listen ?  
When I whisper with warm breath,  
' Listen, Dearest, Dearest, listen,  
I shall love you unto death.'

**L**ET me gaze in your deep black eyes  
Until I kindle them into flame ;  
Let me mingle with yours my sighs  
And know ecstasy without name.

Let me press you to my heart  
As your being quakes with spasms ;  
Your soul of mine shall be a part  
And love shall bridge all chasms.

**A**T break of dawn awake I lay,  
And thought of a ship that is plough-  
ing the main,  
I thought of my darling now far away,  
And I wondered when I would see her again.

Oh ! cruel are the decrees of fate,  
When they thus true lovers do part !  
Oh ! why do they thus us separate—  
For surely 'twill break my heart.

**I** F in these hours so few  
You have learned to call me 'Will'  
If we each other better knew,  
Would that name answer still?

I shall, I am sure, before we part  
Find for you another dearer;  
I'll call thee my own Sweetheart,  
I cannot find a tie that's nearer.

**G**ENTLE maiden, why so coy?  
Why take my plea amiss?  
You can give me untold joy,  
Granting me a parting kiss.

A loving word need not be spoken—  
With eyelids downward cast,  
The lips can give a silent token  
That the heart is beating fast.

**I** THINK, dear Lady, of the golden hair,  
Of the sweet blue eyes and cheek so fair,  
That thou art filled with winning charms.  
Thy form ! Who would it not admire,  
Who would not rage with maddening fire,  
Who would not hold you in his arms,  
Who would not give a burning kiss,  
Who would not prize this crowning bliss,  
Who were not set in flame ?  
If to offend I did not fear  
I should hold you very near  
And dream of pleasures without name.

**S**OLOMON and Sheba's Queen  
Happy moons together spent,  
'No greater King was ever seen,'  
Said she as home she sadly went.

To her the King had lost his heart  
And at her leaving he felt poor,  
With other wealth he well could part,  
But not with her—his Kohinoor.

In this world but once they met,  
But romance their love has not forgot,  
Nor will till comes the last sunset,  
For Darkness dwells where their love is not.

**I**N the Convent close,  
Guarded by elves and sprites,  
A pure and stately lily grows  
And her sister flowers delights.

Erect with dignity and pride,  
Arrayed by Nature's law,  
There is naught that she would hide,  
She stands without a flaw.

Is there a budding maid  
Who needs fear not the light of the sun ?  
With raiment all to one side laid ?  
Darling, I do know one.



**I**F ever you dwelt in Granada,  
You know the Gipsy Queen,  
She has dimpled cheeks and ruby lips  
And pearl-white teeth between.

She stands as straight as an arrow  
And walks with an air serene,  
And a deep red rose in her jet black hair,  
Wears the Gipsy Queen.

Your willing hand rests in hers,  
Her searching eye scans your palm,  
In musical notes of a mellow voice  
She foretells you good or harm.

If ever you dwelt in Granada,  
You know the Gipsy Queen,  
She divined your past and future  
And cast you her glances, I ween.

**A** NNA, 'sweet one,' mortal divine,  
Your blue eyes haunt me every hour ;  
Would that I could call you mine  
And kisses on your eyelids shower.

Would I could seal your ruby lips  
With mine with ardent pressure ;  
The bee the blossom's nectar sips,  
Yours would I drink without measure.

What pleasure flows from a 'sweet one's' kiss,  
Oh, will you not bestow it ?  
Will you not give this nameless bliss ?  
Gladly I would die to know it.

**W**HEN in your soft grey eyes I gaze  
And listen to your song  
I think I live in summer days  
When the sun is shining long.

But when your eyelids shut from view  
Those orbs which wield such might,  
To life I bid a last adieu,  
For all around seems night.

**L**ET me print on your fairy hand  
Warm kisses of love and devotion,  
Better far than a kiss on those lips  
Which would fill with fateful emotion.

Think not I love thee a tithe the less  
Because my being does not tremble.  
Swift flow the currents 'neath the surface still ;  
This calm, Love, I only dissemble.

**L**ET me read in your eyes  
When I come not you'll mourn,  
You'll sigh for my sighs  
On the light breezes borne.

Let me read in your face  
That when I am far,  
Through the ether of space  
Love will shine like a star.

Then the days we're apart  
Will be softer for me,  
And full be my heart  
For ever of thee.

‘**D**O you love me?’ ‘Indeed I do.’  
The words are simple—scarcely new,  
And yet they may, however old,  
Seem quite fresh by the way they are told.

I love *you*, dearest, believe I do,  
With a love so deep, a love so true,  
That my heart would surely break in twain  
Were we never to kiss nor meet again.

**W**HY does my heart ache with pain ?  
Why heaves my breast with sighs ?  
Because thee I may ne'er meet again,  
To gaze in those soft black eyes.

An arrow does not pierce as deep  
As the dart that from them flies :  
The barb my heart shall ever keep.  
Oh, lovely but cruel eyes.

**Y**OU have surely seen  
The willows o'er the river lean,  
They drop a tear from every leaf,  
Their hearts are filled with poignant grief;

They see the waters beneath them flow,  
And laughing nymphs swim deep below,  
For their love they weep and pine;  
It is thus with me, darling mine.



**O** MUSE divine, obey my call,  
Aid me to tell my hopeless love  
For her who holds me now in thrall,  
'Inez,' Angel, pure white dove.

Would I could give thee a long embrace,  
That I might thy form caress,  
With kisses cover thy blushing face  
And thy heart to mine for ever press.

**T**HOUGH on thee my eyes were rarely  
cast  
Think not my thoughts were free.  
When you were near no moment passed  
My thoughts were not on thee.

I feared the fatal power thou hast  
To make another's heart bleed ;  
For e'en tho' life were ebbing fast  
You would exult, perchance, in your deed.

I WEARY of the women I have met ;  
They have no souls, their words are empty  
sounds,  
Mere compliments in terms both cut and set  
That go from mouth to mouth their daily  
rounds.

‘I am so glad,’ or ‘I am charmed,’  
Then I am left to fill the gap,  
And that I do, in truth, alarmed  
If I don’t talk she’ll take a nap.

I hate their speeches learned by rote,  
Their smiles are but a cruel snare,  
Their hearts are tuned to one keynote  
*Comme il faut* in Vanity Fair.

I long for the glad causerie  
That vaunted of charms of France ;  
Here, alas, is but the ennui,  
And time is killed with a dance.

You alone, my love, my muse,  
Can redeem the name of your sex.  
I would your wit and wisdom choose,  
But woe's me, your liege lord objects.

## MY ANSWER

**T**HE feelings your verses to me have  
revealed  
Surely remove every doubt  
That a contract between us must quickly be  
sealed,  
I cannot live longer without.

And when sealed it shall be,  
Can it be done with a wafer?  
No! This seal none must see,  
Dear! I'll warrant it's safer.

Between these lines can you read—  
My own dear Sweetheart—  
And the thought of the deed,  
Does it give you a start?

I am sure you're no prude,  
And, if committed the theft,  
You would not think me rude  
Nor of senses bereft.

If you smile while you read this  
You will give me my cue,  
I'll snatch from you true bliss,  
And for ever love you.

I N the Garden of Eden  
There once lived a pair—  
A naïve young couple—  
The Lord placed them there.

They had strict orders  
About *fruit defendu*,  
But they grew very tired,  
Wished to taste something new.

So a wily old serpent  
Climbed up a tree,  
Saying, ‘If you want to know something  
Just listen to me.

‘Of this fruit take a bite,  
You’ll never repent it—  
You’ll know the wrong from the right,  
It’s a good chance that sent it.’

The couple they ate it—  
And now they don't tell  
All they know about living,  
It would not be well !



I WANTED to buy an automobile  
So I studied all the *marques*.  
I questioned about the powers a deal,  
I would not buy one in the dark.

I asked my wife to advise with me  
When I thought I had found a winner,  
She said she would go and see  
And let me know at dinner.

She sent her maid with a hat  
With plume a full foot high,  
And when she found the roof cleared that,  
That car she let me buy.

## ACT I

### SCENE I

**A** YOUNG man with good looks,  
So it is said,  
With some knowledge of books,  
That is, well read,  
Falls deeply in love  
With a lady of means  
And makes her the idol  
Of his daydreams.

### SCENE II

But the young man is poor,  
That is, hasn't much ;  
He works, to be sure,  
And is well paid for such.  
But as the world goes  
'Twould be very rash  
For him to propose  
To a lady with cash.

### SCENE III

So he sighs and he pines,  
His feelings conceals,  
And the state of his mind  
He never reveals.

## ACT II

### SCENE I

Now another young man,  
(As you'll understand  
Direct from the Stock Exchange),  
Lays siege to her hand,  
And what may seem strange,  
That, be he in love,  
He hasn't more change  
Than the young man above.

### SCENE II

But, coolness itself,  
Without any fear  
The wish of his heart  
He breathes in her ear.

SCENE III (*slow music*)

She hangs down her head.

[*The Curtain falls.*

You may think it absurd,

But what is then said

Is not overheard.

**T**HO' I come to frigid climes,  
My heart is all aglow ;  
And listening to the wedding chimes  
My rhythmic words must flow.

The hero of a polo fight,  
At last has won Louisa.  
She scorned the ordinary knight,  
Whose wooing only teased her.

It was not with a lance in rest  
That finally he won her :  
But playing polo at his best  
In Southern California.

Louisa, whom we all adore,  
Is lost, alas ! beyond recall.  
She cannot love us any more,  
For Francis surely claims it all.

Who will venture him to blame  
When he fought the fight and won.  
Would you and I not do the same?  
Indeed, I think it's always done.

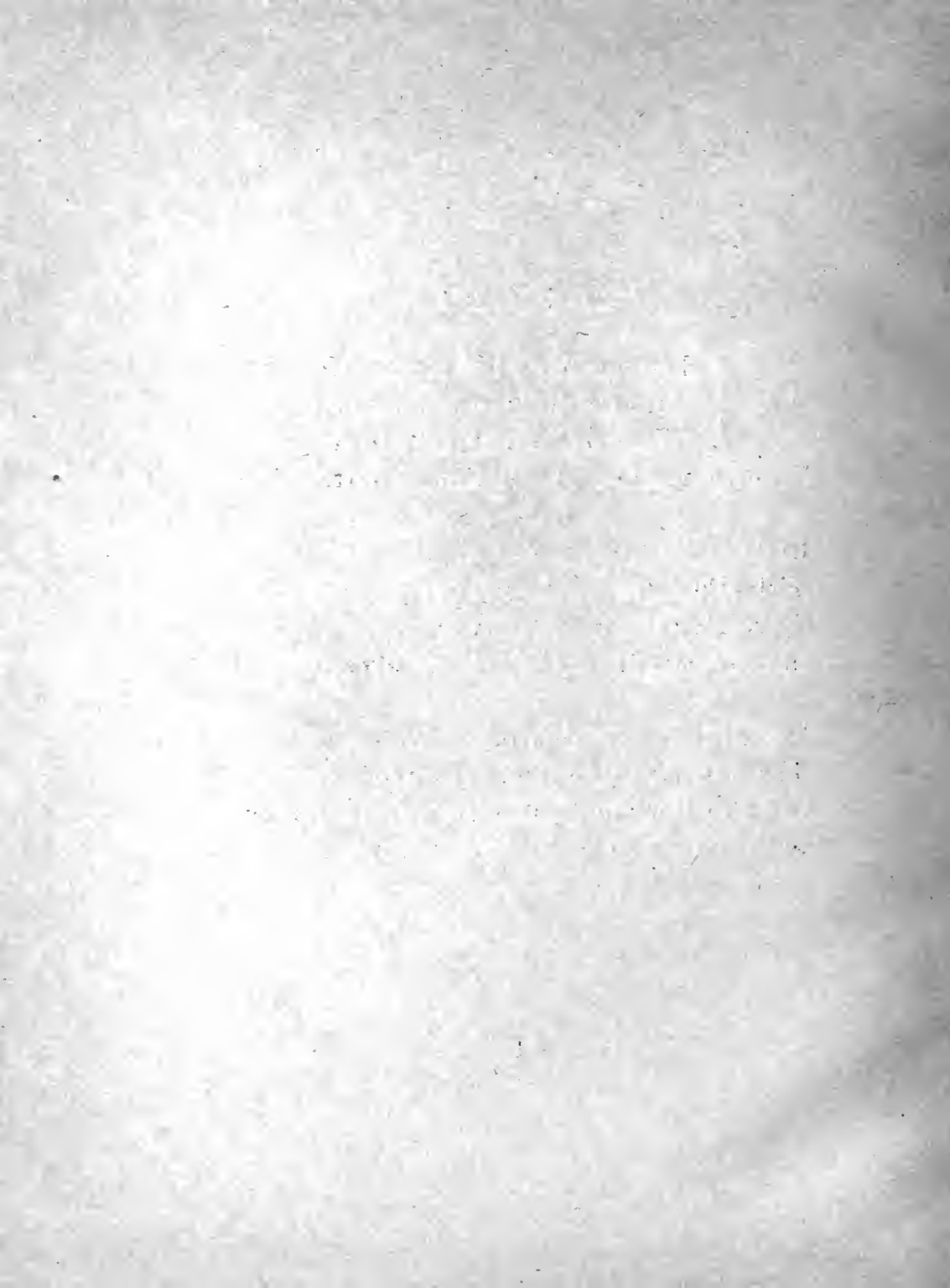
Little help us will our tears,  
In such an hour they must annoy.  
See that our envy disappears,  
And quickly wish them every joy.

## THE BERG

**H**E comes from the frozen North,  
And death is in his heart ;  
Woe to the mariners brave  
Who from wife and child must part.

On a calm and peaceful night,  
With the stars shining above,  
They utter their last prayer  
As they part from those they love.

Oh, cold and cruel fate,  
That naught these men can save !  
And the Berg makes widows and orphans,  
As they sink to their watery grave.







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